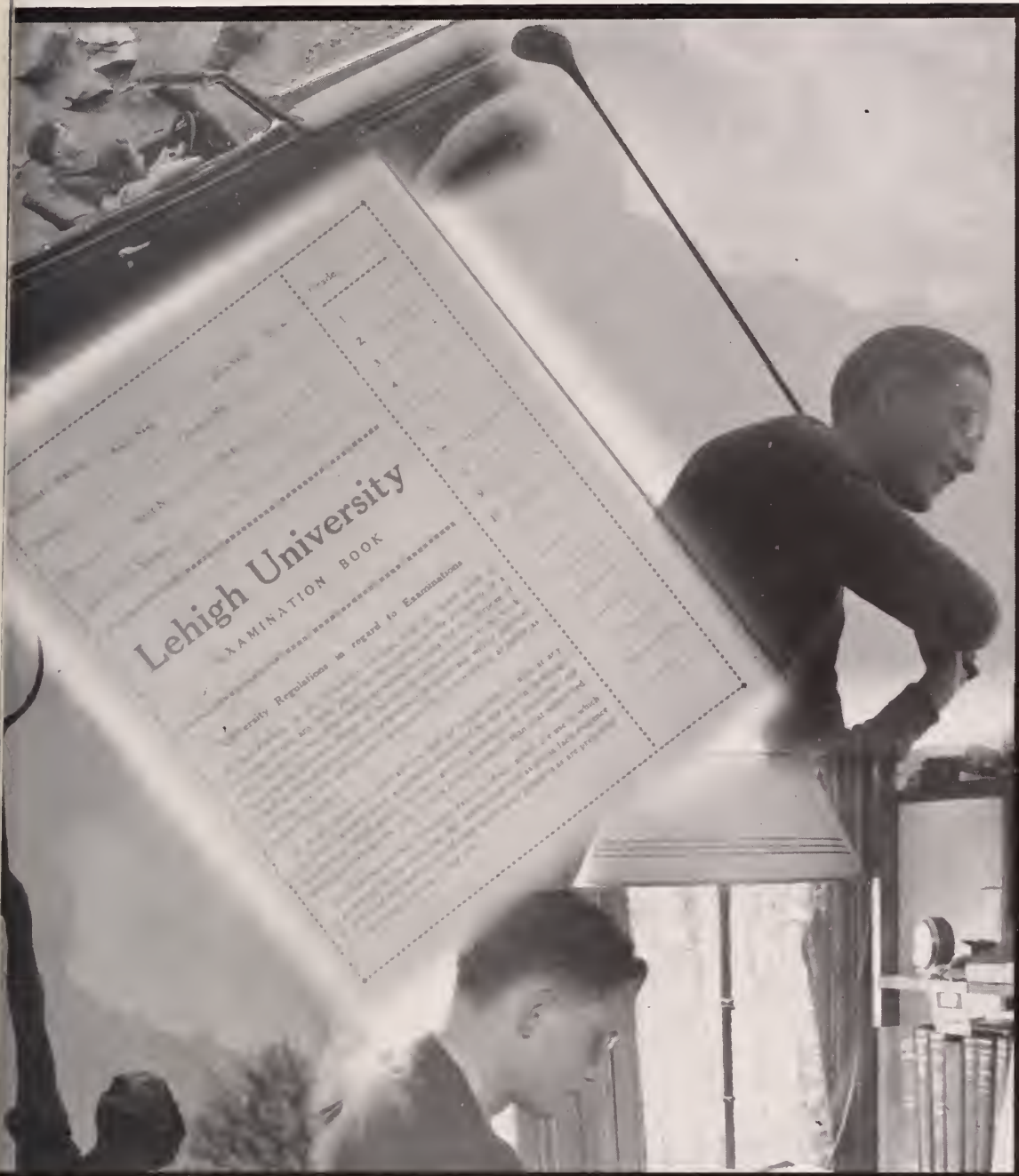


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# Lehigh REVIEW



## Passing in REVIEW

### • EXAMS

Graduating Lehigh is like running a race of hurdles, with the hurdles getting higher all the time. By the time you get to the end of the lap, you are pretty well puffed and the last big jump seems almost too high. Exams are here again, a temporary barrier between us and the vagrant paths of the summer vacation. And the heat just makes things harder.

### • AND VACATION

There's a rather trite expression that in the summer it isn't the heat, it's the stupidity. People are always asking the same questions. Questions without answers. "Is it hot enough for you?" That is a query that stumps the best of them. We've spent the entire winter worrying over a good answer that would make people hate us so much that nobody would venture to ask us

over, please

MAY 1939

Mackay

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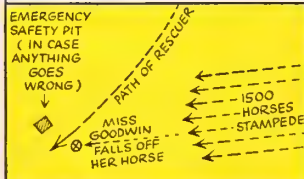




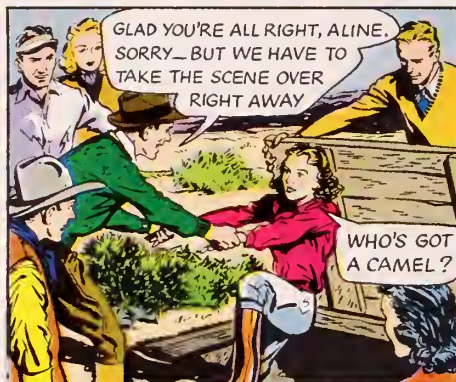
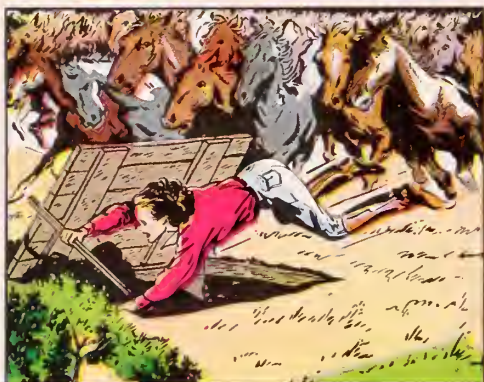
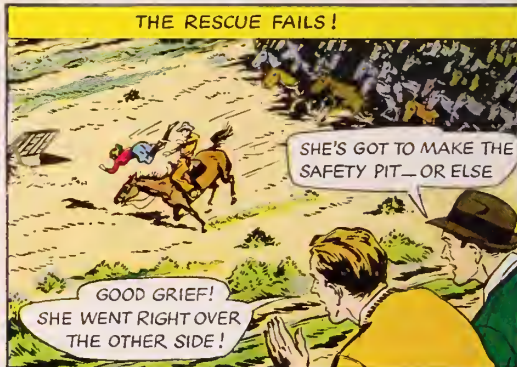
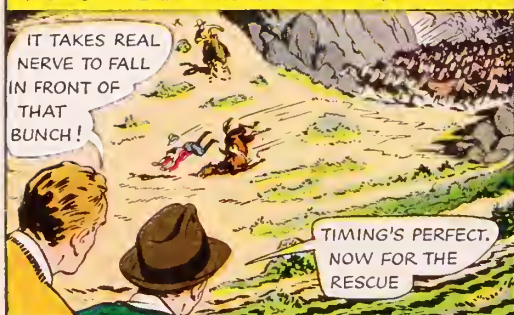
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ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



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# PASSING IN REVIEW

work. One time not so long ago, we answered, like a flash, "You'll see hotter places than this!" But he only laughed and said it was pretty good. We don't think so.

Summer is really nicest now. The anticipation is so much better than the realization. At the time of writing, there are no mosquitoes, poison ivy, sunburn, hay fever, and no water in our ears. Only those big white moths that come storming in the room like eagles when you're studying at night and have the window open for some fresh air. They go banging about, knocking over lamps and crawling all over your typewriter. If this invasion continues, we are going to pack up and go to Patagonia where they have neither moths nor taxes.

## ● AFTER A YEAR

Dean Congdon's job is about a year old now and he seems to like it. We dropped in on him to pick up a statement and we print it below.

●

"It was my very good fortune to inherit an administration carefully built up during fifteen years of intelligent planning. Rarely does one have the cooperative support of colleagues as capable and experienced as it has been my lot to work with. Also, Lehigh students I find readily responsive to sincerity and fair dealing. This happy combination of circumstances has brought a year of pleasant experiences. The few new developments of the year have been but the natural fruitage of policies already established. Only as new conditions may arise or corporate judgments may indicate will it seem wise to revise these policies.

(Signed) Wray H. Congdon,  
Dean of Undergraduates.

●

## ● REPORTEE

Ever since Arts 40's gripe about the engineers in the December issue of the Review there have been teeth ground all over the halls of engineering on the campus. They were really annoyed that we didn't run both sides of the argument. We told them all, blithely enough, that we never heard a good argument for engineering. It was more to nettle them than anything else. But the nettling has borne fruit, to scatter a few metaphors. Mr. Norman Morse throws in our collective teeth the other side of the question. And he gets in more than one crack about the Arts boys. We say more power to him. It is an article well worth reading. You'll find it on page 10.

## ● END OF THE LINE

Leaving us this year is about one of the best squads of writers and photographers the Review has had. If we weren't afraid of sending them off with swollen heads we'd say what a good bunch they were. Louis Stoumen and Joe Boyle split up the editorship and Eric Weiss and Dave Hughes neatly tossed off the short story department between them. Stan Guggenheim and Harry Harchar were responsible for most of the photographs. And good old H. T. S. Heckman was no small force in keeping the Review out of the red.



H. T. S. H. — Budget Balancer

All in all it was a lively year. Those who expected the Review to keep its head in sand were disappointed. We have the damndest habit of looking around and saying things. That's the nice thing about a democracy. You can say what you want to without getting clapped into jail. But in a college, institutions usually imply individuals and a criticism of policy is too often taken as a personal insult. And while the Review begs the pardon of those it has criticized, it still reserves the right to question the institutions they might support.

## ● IT'S A MATTER OF PRIDE

They say that the reason for this sudden strictness about students getting intoxicated and the new rule about fraternities being responsible for the actions of the individual members can all be traced back to a certain high university official. The story goes around that he read an article someplace on drinking in colleges and the thing listed the schools that were famous for the capacity of their students. And there was Lehigh splat in the middle of the list. So he foamed at the mouth for a minute and then phoned down orders to crack down on this drinking business and they did and it is just possible that they may get

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Editor  
522 Bishopthorpe Street  
Phone 5442

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even more nasty about the whole matter. The liquor imbibing abilities of our students has always been a matter of pride with us and we are surprised that the administration cannot take the same attitude. If our football teams can't get us national prominence, we can go after it some other way.

## ● FREE AIR

The boys who are starting the new magazine and who the Brown and White columnist keeps kidding are a nice bunch so we might as well give them some advice free. Advice is easy. The first thing is money. You'll need plenty of it. The second thing is advertising. You'll need plenty of it. The third thing is stuff to fill the magazine. You'll need plenty of it. You'll find that all three of these things are hard to find around here. But don't give up. There is nothing like the excitement of the prospect of a new magazine to keep things moving on the campus.

## ● MAESTRO

In the news columns recently we read of a stampede of women rushing to meet Spencer Tracy, of the cinema, at a railroad station and knocking over Arturo Toscanini in the rush. We have vivid pictures in our mind of Mr. Toscanini picking himself up painfully and brushing the dirt off his coat, standing alone in a great railroad station, eyeing a vast mob of women at the far end. A pathetic little figure all by himself just staring at thousands, yes millions, of milling females. Grrr.

## ● FOR POSTERITY

Whether anybody likes it or not, the Review will be preserved for posterity. We found out the other day, much to our gratification of course, that one of the students in the library has had all the copies of the Review bound since his freshman year. He's a junior now and still going strong. We are quite proud of him. Secretly, we are going to shoot him and mount him for our trophy case in the Review room. As soon as we get a trophy case.

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### For Information:

Write the Director of the Summer Session, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

## ● Activities and Recreation

Social festivities provide means of becoming acquainted with the faculty and student body. Dances, dramas, hikes, lectures, and summer sports give everyone an opportunity for diversion during the session. A student newspaper will carry information on these events.



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## GREAT SCOTT!!

### A Startling Murder Mystery

by Howard J. Lewis, '40

Sergeant George O'Brien came charging into the chief's room banging open the door and knocking over three spittoons. Fortunately they had just been cleaned last year. "Great Scott!!!" he cried, dumping three nude corpses on the floor which he had been carrying under his arm, "Great Scott!!!"

I fired my Colt into the air six times and Frank, the janitor, raced around the corner and screeched to stop in front of the door. "Great Scott," he said, "What's up?" He leaned over and adjusted the carburetor on his motorcycle.

"Get those bodies out of here," I said in my customary matter of fact tone. I had not been in the police force three months for nothing. Incidentally, my name is Harold. Flora is my sister but she never comes in the story. "That one in the middle is still breathing.

Knock it on the head and drag them out of here. Can't have no corpses hanging around here. Can't get no work done." Frank was instantly obedient to my wishes. Frank hadn't been janitor with the department forty-three years for nothing. Frank is our most trusted man. That is why he was still a janitor.

"Great Scott!!!" I said, clearing the puff adders off my desk and extracting a poison dart from my neck which had just whistled through the open window, "Where in he— did you pick them up, George?" I waited while he lit an expensive Turkish cigarette.

"Got 'em in the mail this morning. In a cigarbox. Who do you think done it?" There was a look of questioning wonder in his eyes and he uttered a shrill, soft whistle that was at once eerie and lightly off-key. George O'Brien whistled like that only when

he was faced with a profound problem. He was one of the greatest criminologists the world has ever known. His lean, brown face became tense and he stared at me with eyes that were deep, brown pools of golden flakes.

"Great Scott!!!" I said, "It sounds like Jerry the Jeep to me. Was there a return address on it?"

"No. That's what had me stumped. There was fifteen cents postage due on it, too. I was pretty burned up."

A javelin whistled through the air and buried itself in my arm. There was a notice on the end of it. I tore it off and read it feverishly. It was written in a crude scrawl. "Pay up by the fifteenth, or we'll turn off your electricity."

"Looks like the Metropolitan Edison mob," I said.

Three Verrey lights burst out suddenly in front of my face. I picked up the telephone. I decided to play my trump card. "Hello," I cackled, "I know you, Jerry the Jeep."

The voice on the phone sounded tired. "Cut the Junior G-man stuff," it said, "This is Clancy of the fifty-first."

Page twenty-five, please.



PRINCE ALBERT'S  
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THE SAME—  
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by Stanley Gilinsky '40

HERE it is our last column and we're in the middle of nowhere as the season has just begun for the dance halls and name bands. True to columnistic form we'll try to summarize briefly the past year and give you an inkling of who and what to look for this summer.

The fight for King of Swing is just about where it started last fall. Goodman slumped during the year and recently has made a strong comeback. Shaw on the other hand was sensational the whole year but has hit a snag culminating with his unfortunate illness. So take your choice. From this angle the odds are with Goodman. On the sweet side Glen Gray is without a challenger. The only one who comes close is Tommy Dorsey but he isn't consistent enough. Our favorites for the past year, colored of course, have been Jimmie Lunceford and Count Basie. Sensational improvement by Basie especially in the playing of popular tunes and a return to the form of two years ago by Lunceford have had the Harlem Cats jumping.

The real treat for the boys in the east this summer will be Charlie Barnet at Playland, Rye, N. Y. and Glenn Miller at the Glen Island Casino for the entire season. These two boys take honors for the two best new outfits of the year. Miller is also the choice for the most versatile band. Besides his negroid swing his sweet renditions are truly different and refreshing. Barnet is a white man with nine-tenths colored rhythm. That would make sensational in any league. Also keep a watchful eye for Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Crosby and Harry James if the latter gets a little more organization and a good clarinet. Our last fatherly advice is that if you don't want to die on your feet stay away from the ever increasing stereotyped sweet-styled sweet bands. You'll find it more enjoyable to eat corn than to listen to it. Of course, that's our own opinion again.

#### Recordings

Recognition should go to a well played and well-balanced album of Hoagy Carmichael tunes played by Glen Gray with the aid of Louis Armstrong, The Merry Macs, and Hoagy himself. Here is Casa Loma at its best. None of the platters exhibit what we might vulgarly call jive but all are pleasant. Selections include *Old Rockin' Chair* with an amusing dialogue between Satchmo' and Pee Wee Hunt. Kenny Sargeant sings the immortal *Stardust*, and the Macs are smooth in *Moon Country*. Also featured on other sides are Sonny Dunham, Murray McEarchen, who gives his best work, and Billy Rauch. (Decca)

It's a pleasure to listen to Count Basie's work for Vocalion. Surprisingly enough his best work is done with two slow numbers. *If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight* is introduced by a sensational Basie piano that you'll listen to over and over again. Helen Humes is swell on the vocal. Other tune is *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*. The saxes are actually delicately pretty. Indication of the Count's danceability. Also included is his new theme song, *Rock A-Bye Basie*, which disappoints somewhat. Lester Young's solos hit a new high in all the sides.

Charlie Barnet's three Bluebird recordings are by far the best that he has put out. The only drawback is the trace of triteness in his two killers, *Swing Street Strut*; *Jump Session*. The others, *In A Mizz*; *Night Song*. *S'posin'*; *Asleep Or Awake*, exhibit real swing. Barnet's altoing a la Hawkins is unbeatable. Judy Ellington sounds like a real relative of the Duke's. Glenn Miller is very pretty with his version of *And The Angels Sing* and equally as cute with a novelty version of *Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree*.

Benny Goodman definitely proves his comeback with a nifty version of the old favorite, *Estrilita*, that fairly

## New Victor and Bluebird Recordings . . .

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**I'm Happy About the Whole Thing**  
Corn Pickin'  
Maxine Sullivan with  
Claude Thornhill and Orchestra
- 26238—  
**My Heart Has Wings**  
Pippinella  
Swing and Sway with  
Sammy Kaye
- 26240—  
**Opus**  
Sugar  
Benny Goodman Quartet
- 26241—  
**Boom**  
S'posin'  
Hal Kemp and His Orchestra
- B-10228—  
**If I Had My Way**  
Show Your Linen, Miss Richardson  
The Smoothies with Orchestra  
(Babs, Charlie, and Little)
- B-10227—  
**Strange Enchantment**  
Only a Rose  
Charlie Barnet and His Orchestra
- B-10229—  
**My Last Goodbye**  
The Lady's in Love With You  
Glenn Miller and His Orchestra
- B-10233—  
**Wave-a-Stick Blues**  
Ever So Quiet  
Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra

## PHILLIPS Music Store

## For Graduation . . .

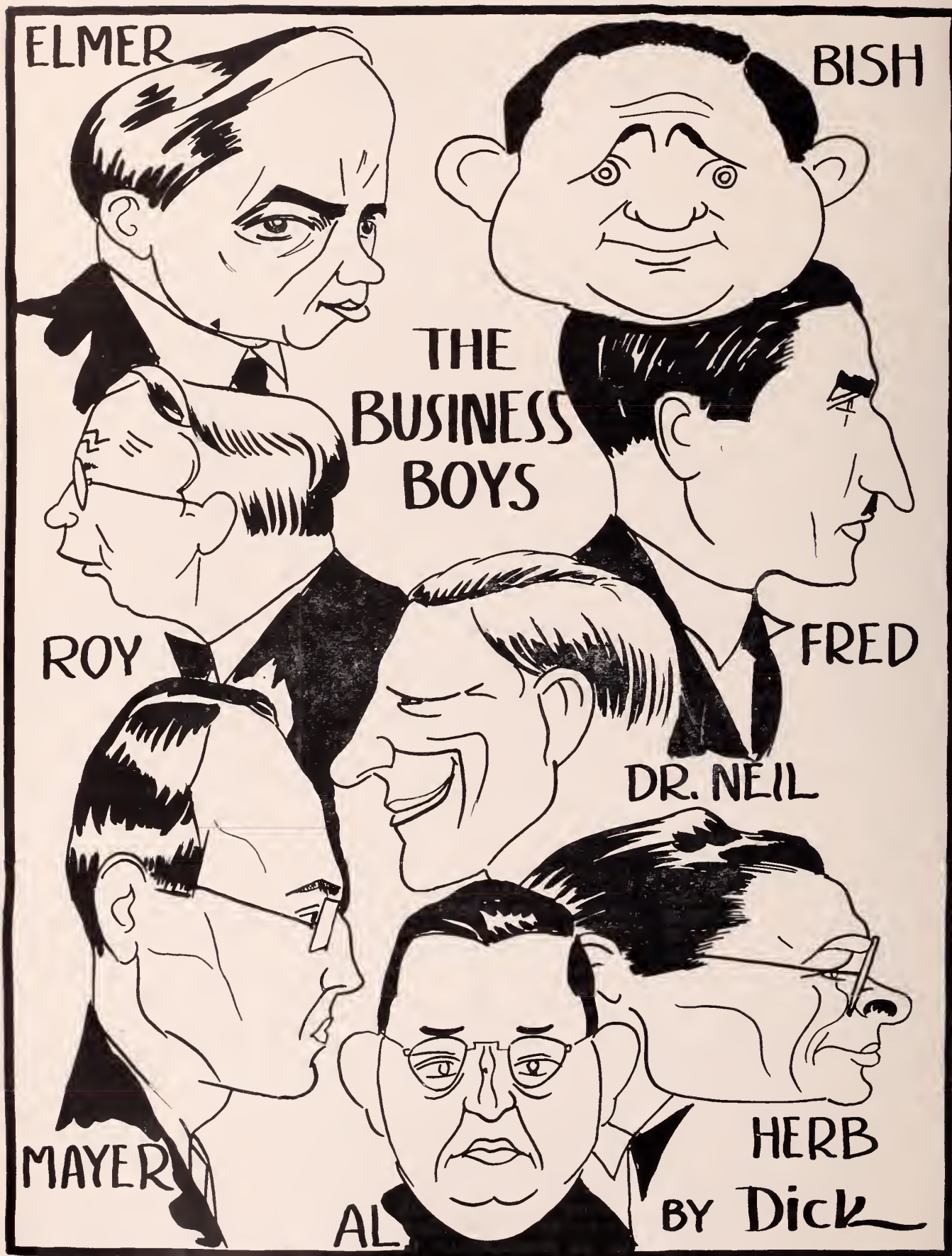
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AS the academic year draws to a close each spring on the Lehigh campus, music pilgrims from all parts of the country make their way to Bethlehem to attend the Bach Festival. Nowhere in America is there a more picturesque and ideal location for the rendition of this great musician's choral works than in the Packer Memorial Chapel with its green cloak of ivy, nestled on the side of Old South Mountain, overlooking the industrial city of Bethlehem. Here is a mixture of the old and the new, the ideal and real, the smoky and the crystal clear; for a stone's throw away the stacks of the steel plant send huge billows of black and sand-colored smoke skywards, and the open-hearths rumble dully throughout the year.

As the music-lover sits on the shaded lawns of the campus, he can contrast the manufacturing world—work, utilized power, realities and throbbing life—with the mellow academic and musical world of peace and beauty. Even though he is not necessarily a devoted and religious "Bachite", he can listen to the festival with a great deal of enjoyment, seen easily enough by watching the different faces about the chapel during the concerts. And an interesting crowd they are, too, with their berets, blankets, scores and contemplative expressions. Artists, composers, musicians, writers, and society big-wigs mingle together quietly and pleasantly as the notes of Bach float out of the chapel windows. For it is the Bach Festival—and to these people that means everything.

The choir has a long and active history. The seed of the organization was planted on the Christmas Eve of 1741, when Count Zinzendorf arrived at a spot in Bethlehem (which is now

# BACH

## Comes To Town

### With the Bach Festival—May 19, 20

by QUENTIN R. G. KEITH '40

marked by the Hotel Bethlehem) with a small group of Moravians who had decided to settle down in this fertile region. As the group gathered around the German nobleman, they burst forth in song—a song which they had brought from their fatherland, beginning "Not Jerusalem, lowly Bethlehem . . ." and it was then agreed to call the new settlement "Bethlehem". These people were excellent musicians as well as farmers and progressive political thinkers and from the very first, music was a vital factor in their lives.

During Revolutionary times Bethlehem was the seat of culture in the young colonies—having a girls' school, an apothecary shop, a fire department and a water-works before any other village. The first symphony orchestra of any importance also originated here. As early as 1742 instruments were purchased from England and Germany to make this community second to none in musical equipment, and the first time that Hayden's "Creation" and "The Seasons" were played in America, a small group of music-lovers gathered about the old Moravian Church and listened fervently—foreshadowing the present Bach Festival.

Thus when the present Bach Choir was founded in the year 1900, its heritage really formed the spirit of the group. Under the leadership of Dr. J. Fred Wolle the choir expanded and became well known. At first the festivals were given in the old Moravian church, but later, through the help of several prominent alumni of Lehigh, (Charles Schwab, Raymond Walters and others) the location was transferred to the Lucy Packer Linderman Memorial Chapel on the Lehigh campus, where more people could be accommodated and in more favorable surroundings. The attendance grew

each year under the expert ability of Dr. Wolle, who, although eccentric at times, formed a well-knit and superbly trained choir which became known throughout the world for its marvelous interpretation of Johann Sebastian Bach's music. When, at the peak of its fame, the sudden death of Dr. Wolle threatened to break up the choir, a new man was called in to take over his position. There was much talk by the older members as to whether or not this new man could begin to fill the former director's place. Many of the old set were so sure that the Bach Choir would break up that they resigned from the group and shook their heads in skepticism and pleasant memories of their beloved leader. Consequently, when Dr. Bruce Carey, a Canadian-born musician of some repute assumed the difficult task before him, he was met somewhat coldly.

Coming from the head of the music department at Girard College in Philadelphia, he had a very broad knowledge of music but not specialized enough in Bach for this particular choir. His personality was extremely pleasing and his good humor often eased and lightened the tiresome rehearsals. His newness and inadequacy in interpreting the various passages in the "B Minor Mass" continually brought forth criticisms from the older members of the "Wolle regime". Many times he would be interrupted with a "Dr. Wolle did it this way" or "I don't think Dr. Wolle would have emphasized this part as much as you have done". Unshaken by these uncomplimentary sentimentalities, Dr. Carey carried on with the work admirably for five years filling the music with a decided dramatic touch—and gradually building up confidence in his musicianship to such a degree



# WEAKER SEX

Moody people are all right, but . . .

HE sat with his feet on a chair in front of him and tried to read. The radio and the sounds from the next room mixed with the words and always the other things in his mind. She would be here soon and tonight he would tell her. He would say to her all that he had been wanting to say, had been trying to say since they met.

Three girls came in and sat down at a booth. He closed the book and straightened up. It was later than he had thought. Perhaps she was waiting for him at Kathryn's home. The radio was playing something by



Strauss, and the music was moonlight and the scent of flowers and the wistfulness of a spring night. Tonight he would have to say it. Always, when he was with her, it was there inside him, and something else holding it back. That afternoon the sun had been too bright; they had been too casual. Tonight would be the time. He would say, Ruth, you mean more to me than anything I have ever known.

One of the girls said, "Honestly, Dick, any night but tonight I would love to listen to it, but would you mind getting Goodman?"

He changed the station and went out into the next room. Kathryn's brother was sitting at the counter.

"Hey, I though you had a date with Ruth."

"Have you seen her?"

"I drove her to her place right after

supper. She thought you were coming out. Boy, I wouldn't miss a chance like that, with her parents away."

But there weren't any lights in the front of the house, and even before he rang the doorbell, he knew no one was home.

Maybe she'd gone back to Kathryn's place. But Kathryn had a date. Then maybe she had gone with them. No, before that, try looking in town. He went back down the street, running a little, and through the underpass and across main street.

The girl in the ticket booth smiled at him teasingly, "Yes, Ruth's inside; but you've got to guess who she's with."

He didn't bother to answer her but scooped up his change and hurried through the doors. He stood in the back of the theatre, waiting for his eyes to get used to the dark and wondering what to say. She was sitting in the second row from the back and he saw that she was with Sarah. The seat on the aisle beside her was empty. He moved down and stood next to it, uncertainly.

"May I sit down?"

"Of course, if you care to."

He couldn't see her face, but there was something expectant in the way

## A SHORT STORY

by Dave Hughes '39

she sat there.

"I'm terribly sorry," he began hurriedly, "I thought I was to meet you at the drugstore, and I waited until nearly eight, and then Bob said that you were home."

"It's all right," she said easily, "I'm sorry about it too. It was my fault."

Partly reassured, he sat beside her in the dark and stared at the picture without understanding it. When it was over and the lights came on, Ruth was whispering to Sarah. They stood up.

"This is where we came in."

He walked out of the theatre ahead of them, and beside them to the cor-

ner. At the corner he hesitated. Sarah was going to go home with her. Something was wrong, and it made him want to get away from them, to be by himself. But he couldn't let it go at that. Perhaps Sarah would only stay a little while. He tried to be flippant.

"May I accompany you home?" It made him feel like a beggar. She looked at him without smiling.

"If you want to." It was like taking charity. He went down the street with them, not saying anything, and when they came to her house he followed Sarah into the front room.

"Make yourself at home," Ruth said. "I want to show Sarah my new dress."

He walked across the room, picked up a magazine and dropped it again. If Sarah would only leave. Maybe she had told her to stay; but she hadn't seemed angry. Still, she might be trying to teach him a lesson. He went to the piano and tried to play something from memory. He was still fumbling with it when they came down stairs.

"Keep it up," Ruth called "It sounds good."

He got up and sat on the sofa across the room from them.

"How do you like college?" Sarah was a dumpy little blond with no chin. She sounded almost condescending.

"It's all right if you don't weaken." How stupid this all was. Why on earth didn't she go home. She must know how he felt about it.

Ruth held up a pack of cigarettes.

"Have one?"

He watched her tap a cigarette and light it. Sarah leaned back and blew a delicate cloud at the ceiling. There was something in the act of smoking that established a kind of bond between them and shut him on the outside. He listened dully while they talked about things happening in town, people that he didn't know. He tried to get into the conversation once

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# PHRECKLES and PHRENOLOGY

Even a freckle Champ can be  
torn 'twixt Love and Honor

*Short Story by Joe Boyle '39*

CASPER Tweedle studied the image of his nose in the mirror. Satisfied that the last few hours in the sun had brought out at least seven new freckles, he put the mirror back into his pocket and moved away from the shadow of the apple tree into a broad patch of sunlight between the clothes-tree and the back porch. It was no cinch training for a Freckle Derby.

Of course, the Tweedles had every confidence in Casper, and Geraldine Gill said she was sure Casper would win, but George looked at it differently. George was Casper's self-appointed manager. Casper had been reluctant about taking on a manager; it didn't seem necessary, but George insisted that somebody should scout the competition and Casper couldn't very well do it himself. It would not be ethical.

George had heard rumors that the competitor from Onandaga Township had the small type freckle and, therefore, stood likely to produce a high count. Casper had more the middle size freckle, and while he only ran seventy-two to the square inch he banked heavily on thorough coverage.

After supper Casper went to his room and put on the red and green tie that Geraldine had given him last Christmas. The afternoon sun had scattered a few young freckles here and there. Casper's trained eye picked out the new-comers with satisfaction. He brushed back the thick mop of reddish hair that covered his head; freckles showed up through the hair-line and were lost to the view as the brush passed over his scalp. Brush-

ing his hair reminded him of Geraldine. She liked to fool with his hair, messing it up with her hand and laughing because it always looked the same no matter what she did to it. Everybody kidded Casper about it. They all said that Casper's hair was the secret of his success in love.

Casper ran most of the way to Geraldine's house because running made his chest feel big and afforded him the necessary self-assurance for facing Geraldine's father. He always felt uneasy in the presence of Mr. Gill, who was a successful businessman and very brusque with Casper. Mr. Gill was an amateur phrenologist. His pastime was studying bumps. Few visitors to the Gill residence escaped subjection to Mr. Gill's examination of their bumps. Casper, alone, defied Mr. Gill's scrutiny; the mattress of red hair made close observation of his head form impossible.

Geraldine met Casper at the door. She said "Well, Casper, are you all ready for the Derby tomorrow? Maybe I should start calling you 'Champ' right now."

"Aw Gee!" said Casper, flushing slightly. "Quit your kidding."

Geraldine said, "Go into the living room and sit down while I run upstairs and powder my nose."

Mr. Gill was sitting in the Morris chair by the bay window. Casper said "Hello" in a modest voice and sat down opposite him. Mr. Gill held a whitened skull in his lap and fingered it carefully. "Yes, a very unusual type," he said without looking up. "Small ridge at base of cerebrum—Umh! Hum! Sign of inherent genius.—Very rare! Very rare!"

"Is that a real skull, Mr. Gill?" Casper asked weakly, afraid of saying the wrong thing.

Mr. Gill chose to overlook the question. Instead he raked Casper with a slow stare and explained in simple, one-syllable words that the skull was of Early American origin. It had been brought to him by the foreman of a road gang who appreciated his interest in phrenology. Casper inferred that he was incapable of scientific appreciation and shrank back into his chair. Even with this rather frigid start, Casper would have been stuck for an inestimable time if Geraldine had not broken in upon her father's long-winded observations on the superiority of a small ridge at the base of the cerebrum.

Casper had been at the Gill's house for about an hour when George called.

"Our boy ought to crash through tomorrow, don't you think?" he flashed at Geraldine.

Geraldine sat on the arm of Casper's chair and mussed his hair with her hands. "Our boy?" she smiled, looking into Casper's face. "Why with that scattered tan he can't lose." "Anyway," she added, "what difference does it make if he wins or loses? It won't change him any, will it?"

"No, it won't change him," said George looking enviously at Geraldine's sparkling eyes and pleasant contours, "unless victory goes to his head."

When George had left, Mr. Gill, having formed an opinion of him from a previous examination, said, "There goes a young man with marked possibilities. His head form shows great

# For the Defense

## A Chemical Engineer Wants to Know Why Everybody Picks on His Tribe

It is no novelty to view the Lehigh engineer with alarm. It is a practice not uncommon among Arts men who never had much success with or taste for the physical sciences or their applications. Usually, therefore, their approach is not too fair nor too accurate. But not so long ago the Review printed an article by Mr. Artsforty presenting an analysis of the Lehigh engineer which was, by and large, accurate though well-spiced reporting. To be sure, it was almost entirely destructive criticism; it might be contrasted with Dr. Doan's article, "Basic Tools" of three years ago, which was more sympathetic and constructive.

Nevertheless, Mr. Artsforty's brain-child was conceived in an irritation with which we can wholly sympathize. With most of the points he so colorfully presented we can find little fault aside from a tendency to sacrifice a judicial point of view for the sake of the color. Perhaps, though, that is the rightful prerogative of the Arts man. We really wouldn't care to take a stand on the issue. At any rate, we think that the vein of impatience which seems to run through the article has led Mr. Artsforty somewhat astray. He climbs way out on a limb and he growls that he can't understand how any man with any common sense can throw his life away on an engineering career.

Now if he means that he can't understand why the man throws his life away, merely selecting an engineering career as the means to that end, we agree with him, wholeheartedly. But if he means what his words will mean to most people, that he can't understand why any intelligent man should embark on an engineering career, perforce throwing his life away, we must perforce disagree. Even if Mr. Artsforty meant no such thing and is as guiltless as a newborn babe, we still take issue with anyone who thinks so. We are bound to have our fun.

It is pretty generally suspected that one of the primary reasons why a man becomes an engineer is the stubborn necessity of making a living. Further, a man usually prefers to sweat for his daily bread in a field of activity congenial to him. Such congeniality proceeds from two items, the actual nature of the work itself with the social value attached to it, and the kind of living it can buy—baldly, the size of the pay envelope.

A man interested in and successful in dealing with the physical sciences and mathematics will likely find engineering congenial on both scores. True, he will find in engineering much that is dull, much that is deadening, much that is trivial, but unless he is endowed with some great natural talent that enables him to work on sheer inspiration, like Toscanini or Babe Ruth, he will find the same thing in any profession he chooses. Even if he were to take a degree in liberal arts, the better to search out

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by **NORMAN L. MORSE '40**  
**Ch. E.**

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the good, the true, and the beautiful in life on the WPA, he would still uncover a modicum of boredom and drudgery. On the other hand, he will find in engineering, as in any other profession, much that is stimulating and intriguing, many new things to think about, interesting and important problems calling for a keen mind, a vital and growing body of knowledge and activity with which to keep abreast.

He will find a service to humanity of inestimable value. Given intelligent social thinking and planning, the magnificent productivity of goods and service which the engineer contributes can make for a real enjoyment of the abundant life by the great mass of men. Man does not live by bread alone, but it is only through a staggering advance in our physical standard of life that real values can be

brought home to mankind as a whole, through the media of leisure, facilities for prorogation of ideas, education on a more magnificent scale than we dream of now, an environment in which men can leave off sweating and struggling in order to think. People must be introduced to the best of life's values before they can live in accordance with them or even appreciate them, and it is through physical productivity that the introduction can be made. Without the material means to practice the good life, people are not free to practice it.

Of course it may be argued that this service to humanity in the realm of things rather than of ideas can be left to the less intelligent members of society, the more intelligent devoting themselves to the world of ideas. Not only does this argument suggest a subjugated servant class of people, who shall be "confined to the engine room, not permitted to come above decks" into the world of ideas, but it ignores an important fact. The practice of engineering does not, per se, mean that the engineers immediately abandon all ideas other than those of their own bailiwick and become intellectual troglodytes. Many do, but there is nothing inherent in engineering which forces them to do so. They can still retain the lively interest of the citizen in affairs of state, of the educated man in the advancement of the general education and culture, of the esthete and critic in the passing scene.

If the engineer remains politically aware and culturally awake, he has lost little by not taking a liberal arts degree in college, provided that he prefers his own field for his own life work. The value of a liberal arts course, for those who do not make their life work in one of its divisions, lies principally in how it affects the post-college educational life. It does not lie in any staggering accumulation of ornamental trivia with which to deck one's language, tangle one's ideas, and confound one's opponents in dialectic controversy. The values instilled by a liberal education are an aliveness and keenness of mind, an intellect geared and accustomed to thought. The important facts which an Arts man learns in the training aspect of his education are those vitally connected with creative thought and those which form the springboards of analysis. The Arts man would probably be the first to assert that much of the matter he is expect-



ed to assimilate is non-essential and unconnected with developing real ability to solve problems.

Arts men learn much that is useful, much that is ornamental, much that is drudgery, and much that is sheer intellectual fun. The engineer, in somewhat different fields, enjoys very much the same experience, little though a few benighted Arts men can bring themselves to realize it.

Of course, it is not to be denied that without a firm foundation in general knowledge, few men can attain any executive competence. Nor is it to be denied that, until some reform in popular and academic standards takes place, a certain varnish of superfluous, but gracefully classical, "accomplishment" is essential to getting ahead in the world of thought. For much—though by no means all—of this latter, the engineer can substitute his own broad knowledge, an advantage denied the Arts man. (The Arts man is, of course, as much obligated to become reasonably literate in the Sciences as the engineer in the Humanities.) This leaves both Arts man and engineer well enough balanced in general knowledge to give capable and intelligent consideration to their human problems.

Since the fundamental social sciences deal with the very social framework within which all other activities take place, it is imperative that the individual have sufficient knowledge, interest and experience in thinking in these fields, if not to be able actively to solve their problems. At least he should be able to give rational examination to the acts and ideas of the specialists in these fields. To much of modern American political judgment is based on a superficial pragmatism or a taste in political hokum.

Democracy cannot succeed where most of the people are ruled by others, even of their own selection, whose acts they are incapable of examining and judging intelligently. Hence society can afford very few pure specialists except in economics and politics.

With all these things must the engineer be concerned in order to be a reflective man and a competent citizen. An engineering career does not in and of itself deny him this, although stupid and short-sighted methods of engineering training may militate against achieving a balanced sense of values and a well-rounded life. The intelligent man embarking on an engineering career risks becoming, but

need not inevitably become, that Babbitt of narrow interest, that epitome of cultural lag who settles down with some uncritical wench to become an old grad and vote the straight Republican ticket the rest of his unnatural life, I believe, or at least fervently hope, that he does not truly typify the engineer as a species.

It ought not to be necessary to argue that engineering is not essentially the sport of the lower classes, socially or intellectually. If there are any bloomin' toffs in the opposition who are not yet fully converted, let John Dewey put them to rout. "...the obnoxious materialism and brutality of our economic life is due to the fact that economic ends have been regarded as merely instrumental...they are

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**This article is written earnestly and seriously because the author felt that the topic itself is of such vitality that it need not be decked with rhetorical gew-gaws. However, the rumors that the Encyclopedia Britannica has been scouting the author have no basis in fact; he is really a carefree character who lives, loves and laughs just like people do. In this he differs not at all from other engineers, who, as close scrutiny will reveal, markedly resemble human beings.**

N. L. Morse, Ch. E. '40

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as final in their place as any others...capable of idealization. If life is to be worth while, they must acquire intrinsic and ideal value. The vanity and irresponsibility of values that are merely final and not also in turn means to the enrichment of other occupations of life ought to be obvious. But now the doctrine of "higher" ends gives aid, comfort and support to every socially isolated and socially irresponsible scholar, specialist, esthete, and religionist. It protects the vanity and irresponsibility of his calling."

Which adds up to this: not only is the engineer engaged in a profession which, for the intelligent man, pays well enough to make possible for him many of these cultural values for which money is essential; not only is it a profession with some dignity and social value; but it is essentially a stimulating and constructive field re-

quiring intelligent and creative men. For the good of the rest of the men in the profession and allied occupations, it is essential that it receive new blood of the type we have outlined as our idea of a good engineer.

We agree with Mr. Artsforty and Dr. Doan on the risks a boy runs in coming to college to train for engineering. Usually, as Dr. Doan pointed out, the freshman does not even know the danger. He must be put on his guard, made sternly vigilant against permitting his training to engulf his education. He must be convinced that general competence is as basic a tool for engineering success as engineering knowledge. He must be careful not so to intensify and specialize his engineering, in order to "succeed" in the profession, that he fails in life. He must not suspend all intellectual activity for four years, only to find that he has become such a mental sponge, so dulled and devitalized intellectually, that he has neither the ability nor the desire to advance the education he never got in college.

The student must not be left to wrestle with this problem alone. The engineering college simply *must* so reform its curricula that the student does not spend long hours accumulating overspecialized detail and technique and training which (a) He will never use. Having no value in education or development of competence, useless. (b) He will learn anyhow, being directly concerned with it. To learn it in college, a waste of time. (c) He will find obsolete.

Taking such necessary steps as these the student will have the time and inclination to become an educated man as well as a trained and competent engineer. Remember, he came to college to become both! To encourage, no less permit, an eager young man to become a sort of cultural Rip Van Winkle is little short of something that shall remain nameless here.

If the student will keep alert to the mental stimulation and real intellectual value of his fundamental education in the physical sciences, he can maintain his intellectual integrity against the corroding habit of following, rather than leading, in thought—a habit rather easily acquired when dealing with engineering. The reason, of course, is that for the student who has not yet come up to the front lines of scientific investigation, the much-trodden ground to the rear is more or less non-speculative. To keep from

**J**OE, Mike and Abie and a few little kids were hanging around the ticker machine waiting for the fifth inning scores for the Giants and the Reds. It was a close race for the pennant and Mike was betting on Cincinnati.

There was a blackboard on the wall that was chipped in so many places that you just had to write across the dull spaces to fill out the whole nine innings. They hung little cards up for the teams that were playing and whenever a score came through, anybody who was near would pick up a piece of chalk and put down the runs for the inning. The ticker was a pretty old one and you could always tell when a score would come through because the thing used to rattle and clatter just before anything happened. As soon as anybody heard the noise, he'd yell out, "Hey! one of you chumps, hop on that ticker!" Even if it was only a little kid, he'd yell it out and everybody would laugh at him and the kid would be happy for a while. I didn't like the kids hanging around. There was a lot of things that happened that would be better if the kids didn't know. Let them grow up first.

Joe was slapping the glassdomed top of the machine. "Come on, tick, you bastard, tick!" He was a damned fool for betting against Johnny Vander Meer. You could see he was getting nervous about losing the bet because he let his cigarette hang out of the corner of his mouth and spill ashes all over the floor. Or maybe he wasn't so nervous about losing a buck. Maybe it was something else.

Tony Castrellita was trying to get in a game of pool. Tony was about the best player there and he was always looking for somebody new to play because most of the other fellows always asked for a couple of points handicap except when they were feeling good. But as a rule there was nobody around the place that could beat Tony in a game of straight. Tony went around asking all the fellows and patting them on the shoulders. He felt like a game of straight and he didn't feel like paying for it. He started to pull Moxie by the coat sleeve, but Moxie was reading the sport page and he told Tony to go to Hell.

Then Tony went over to Joe and said, "How about a game, Joe. I feel lucky."

Joe shook his head without looking up from the ticker. Tony said, "Come on, come on", and started to pull him by the shoulder. He pulled so hard

## POOL ROOM

### Joe was acting funny all day...

that Joe's body twisted sideways, but Joe wouldn't move.

Then Joe looked up at him, and Tony let go all of a sudden and backed up fast. Joe was screaming, "Will you get the hell out of here? Get the hell out! I said no, didn't I? Now get the hell out!" Joe was standing there with his arms hanging down loose and his fists clenched. You could tell something was bothering him because he was breathing hard. Everybody was looking at him, because nobody could figure out what he was so hopped up about.

Tony said, "OK. OK." and walked over to the icebox and took out a Coca-Cola. They kept looking at each other for a while across the room and everybody was quiet. Then Joe turned around and sat on the bench under

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### A SHORT STORY

*by Howard J. Lewis '40*

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the blackboard and pulled out another cigarette and lit it on the one he had in his mouth. Tony shook his head and started to talk to Reds who was standing behind the counter, ready for anything. Joe just sat on the bench wiping his hands along the side of his pants. Everybody wondered what the hell was eating him.

In about ten minutes even the little kids forgot about it. But nobody talked to Joe any more. He just sat on the bench and looked at the floor. He was kicking up the sawdust and making a little pile of it in front of him and then knocking it over again with his foot. Tony walked out after a while.

You could tell there was something wrong with Joe. After he had been sitting alone for a while he got up and started to talk to me. He walked all the way across the room and started to talk to me about the Kentucky Derby. I told him I didn't know much

about it, but he kept on talking anyway about Omaha and sometimes about some of the other horses that were in the race. He said a guy would be a sap if he didn't bet on Omaha. It was a cinch. Everything was fixed all around—even the starters. I said I couldn't see how in the hell they were going to bribe the whole damned Kentucky Derby. I said they couldn't get away with it. But he laughed with the cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth and said you could fix anything up if you had enough money. Every man had his price, he said, they all have their price. He was getting pretty excited and nervous. His face was close to mine and I could smell he had been drinking. I tried to push him away but he caught my coat and asked me if I thought that there was a man who couldn't be taken care of. I told him that he better hang up and he took his arm away. I told him to go home and sleep it off. He wasn't fit to be around if there were going to be kids hanging around in the place. There are some things a kid shouldn't see.

I started to walk up the steps to the street when Trixie Cambell met me half-way up. Trixie is a small, skinny guy with a ratty face and he has a bad habit of cracking his knuckles all the time. It's enough to drive you crazy. But this time he wasn't cracking his knuckles. He had a gun in his hands and a mean look in his eyes. He waved the gun at me and I backed down the steps, keeping my eyes on him and the gun. But he wasn't looking at me. He was looking at Joe.

Joe was leaning back against the pool table with his hands gripping the molding around the edge. A cigarette was hanging from his lower lip and the smoke from it was curling up around his nose in thin lines. The buttons were missing from the bottom part of his vest and you could see that he was sucking in on his stomach. He wasn't even breathing. Everybody was quiet. The ticker had just begun to chatter, but nobody looked at it. Everybody looked at Trixie and then at Joe and then back to Trixie again. It was funny to watch their eyes move up and back. I felt like yelling out, but I didn't.

Trixie was smiling. "Don't worry, smartiepants", he said. "I'm not going to plug you. Why the hell should I get sent up for killing a rat like you?" He walked down the rest of the steps and



# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

## An indignant Engineer speaks his piece about the unfortunate situation at Lehigh

US engineers has been taking it on the chin for a dog-gone long time from you arts men about how we hasnt got eny kulture or enything and dont know nuthin or enything. well i am here to tell you that it like on to makes my blood boyle wen i here this kind of talk and that meens my blood is plenty hot wen it boyles (138.6 c at stp). so i want to say rite now that in the first place we have got kulture and in the second place, it doesn't matter whether we have got kulture or not because you dont make any more money or get any better jobs if you have kulture or not and in the third place there isnt eny such thing as kulture anyway. does anybody know how to make this thing write capital letters.

i am taking out a lot of time witch i cud be putting in on lab reports of all descriptions witch would do me more good anyway, to rite this thing for the review but i know they wont print it because it hasnt got any sex or any dirty words in it and the review only prints things that has sex and dirty words in it anyway. but because, next to god (sorry, god, no kapitals on this devil machine) and my mother (sorry, maw, no kapitals on this devil machine) of course i luv lehigh best, i am writing this to refute and confuse all the opponents of engineering education and the engineering approach to anything. these opponents is no good anyway but if they can be led from their misgided ways it will be a gud thing and will result in a more efficient and controlible university.

if all these guys that shoot off there faces about pluto and betovan and

mosart and hemingway wuz only maid to lern how to run a slide rule and take a indikater card or titrait a cuple of solushons they wul see that an engineer duzent need eny kulture to due his work and that all he needs to worry about is duing his work enyway so engineers dont need kulchüre at all.

they make us take a year of english wen we are froshmen and kant defend ourselves and that is tue much for people whoo is going to talk american all their lives enyway and never will go to england unless we can get more money there or the company sends us. english is silly, and in that course the professors is always beefin the very dickins out of our illusions and tellin us that the republican party is not the only won in the world and that there ain't no santy claus and that fairies is sumthin else enyway. so i say that if that is kulture that we get enuff uv it in our fresh year and dont need anymore and if they want us to be 100 percent americans( sorry, dies, no kapitals on this devil machine) they better not let the old english department try to ween us away from our native tongue witch is american and if it wuz gud enuff for lincoln it is gud enuff for me enyway. so we have to mutch kulture now.

but wen i asked a arts man yesterday wat kulture wuz he mumbled around and stuttered and mumbled around and said things about musik and literachüre and art but wen i said will it make eny money for me, he stopped talking and went into his room so i guess that proves gud enuff that there isnt no such thing as kulture anyway and if there is it wont make eny money so we dont have to worry about it just like we dont have to worry about where the electrongs go after they come out of the end of a cathode ray tube.

and you review guys is always sayin that us engineers hasnt no social life and that is a lie. becuz every saturday nite i go down to joes (sorry, joe, no kapitals on this thing) and if that isnt social i dont know what is and there are plenty of arts men down there gettin stinking to but i dont talk to them. so we do have social life even if i dont like the taste of the stuff enyway and it makes the lines on the slipstiek all blurry the next morning.

and the last ishue you had a thing in the magazine about the way us engineers treat women and you insulted me and every other engineer that

takes pride in his work and any engineer that doesnt isnt worthy of the name of engineer. well i am telling you rite now that wen i take my girl (sorry, babe, no kapitals on this machine) out i dont bore her with no technical talk.becuz i kan talk about other things to you see, so i tell her all the fratelub gossip and we talk about the movies and the funny papers and i never say anything atall about the speed of molecular dissipation in soup witch is my speshul senyor thesis problem and is my chef intrust in life. so you see that all us engineers is not like you make out we are and just becuz i nevur put a hand on my girl is no reason why you kin say my approach is no good becuz i respect her to much to do anything dirty like touch her.

i hope this satisfies you that engineers is not as dumb as you hope and that we can rite and make a point as good as you arts men. and if i have done eny gud by this artikle i dont want eny kredit for myself but i hope sum of you arts men will see the error of your ways before it is to late and you get to be unemployed. so come over to the engineering skool and join up and be washed in the blud of the lam and lern to make money.

Small boy: "Shine your shoes, Mister?"

Grouch: "No!"

Small Boy: "Shine your shoes so you can see your face in them?"

Grouch: "NO!!"

Small Boy: "Coward!"

—Exchange

Diner: "Say have you forgotten my chops?"

Waiter: "No, sir; I remember your face distinctly.

—Exchange

Against the wishes of his parents Archibald had married a young woman of the chorus. Just after the ceremony, in telling a friend how to break the news to his father and mother, he said:

"Tell them first that I am dead; then gently work up to the climax."

—Exchange

"My, how you have changed," said the patron to the crooked cashier.

—Exchange

# ON COAL BOOTLEGGING

## A Debate by Two Lehigh Students

**P**ROBABLY one of the most frequently discussed men in the American economic world today is the Coal Bootlegger. Severely castigated, ridiculed, or pitied, he is hailed into court, and conspicuously mentioned in the newspapers. What kind of a man is the Coal Bootlegger? To what forces can we attribute his illegitimate activities?

Of all the industries seriously afflicted by the still prevalent economic disturbance, coal mining probably suffered the most; and in the fight for recovery, coal mining appears to have advanced the least. Even before the recognized beginning of the depression certain things were happening in the coal fields which seemed to foretell the present status of the coal industry. Oil, a much less expensive fuel, was keenly competing with coal and taking the latter's place in the market.

Dissensions between the operator and the miner had now resolved themselves into a bitter battle between the corporation and the union; and unionism, realizing its potential strength, was demanding more and more reaching reforms in working conditions and higher wages. It became increasingly difficult to sell coal, and the yards were filled to capacity. Realizing that something had struck down the Coolidge era of prosperity, some companies discontinued operations; others persisted despite the fact that they couldn't sell their coal and eventually went bankrupt, frequently with several month's back wages due their employees.

When the mines slowly shut down the miner was obliged to seek employment elsewhere. But with the various other industries also resigning to the depression his search proved fruitless. Thus the army of unemployed was gradually conscripted. Occasionally the miner might obtain a few days on the state or county roads, but only after he had sat upon the politician's doorstep for a very long time and that individual became tired of stepping over him.

Since his earnings had rarely been equivalent to a living wage, he had no resources on which to rely and looked about him desperately for a

means of sustenance. There was no alternative. He had to apply for relief. The coal miner is a very self-reliant individual and one accustomed to earning his own bread. The necessity of such a means of subsistence pressed upon him sorely. But soon he was obliged to fight vigorously even for the small pittance allotted him, for it didn't take the local Relief organizations long to become corrupt, and shortly investigators were visiting at his home, examining his insurance policies (if he was so fortunate to have any), requesting the amount of his salary and expenditures for the previous year, counting his chickens and mathematically computing the number of eggs he should receive daily.

With the passage of time another problem arose to confront him. He lacked fuel. What a ridiculous situation! Here he lived in the very shadow of the tall coal breaker and he was without fuel. It wasn't merely ridiculous; it was ironical. And it was really unfortunate. Grocers and shopkeepers in his neighborhood were in an identical position. How could they buy coal if there was none to be purchased? At an earlier day, if the miner was owed back pay, he may have received several tons of coal in part payment. As it was there was but one solution. The miner took his buckets and climbed the enormous rock banks

where the slate and refuse was dumped from the mine. Immediately coal picking was forbidden and trespassing notices posted. Company watchmen were instructed to prevent anyone from approaching the black heaps.

These were some of the circumstances that transformed the coal miner

**John Polinsky '42**

*"Bootlegging must be recognized as an economic solution on the part of the miner."*

into a Bootlegger. His initial activities were confirmed to abandoned mines. Bootlegging must be recognized as an economic solution on the part of the miner. His first concern was to provide himself with necessary coal, and this was the only practical means. When his cellar and his sheds were full, he still heard the pleadings of the shopkeepers and he decided to furnish them with coal also. He did this in exchange for food and clothing. Previously, during the interval, they had been obliged to purchase coal from distant mines and sometimes soft or bituminous was all they could get. It had been very expensive. The Bootlegger was a boon to them for he could sell them coal so much cheaper and still earn something for himself.

When it was no longer possible to continue his illegal operations on abandoned property, the Bootlegger did not hesitate to invade company land. In fact some of his original "holes" were tunneled in his own back yard. Having observed that he could really sell his coal, he did not restrict his salesmanship to his own particular vicinity, but he visited neighboring areas and began trucking his coal. This instigated additional friction between the miner and operator. Companies warned their former employees and all others to remain away from company land and to discontinue their unlawful mining. They

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Through Asa Packer, Lehigh has had its inception in Anthracite. For the past three years she has been host to the annual conference of Anthracite Industries, Inc. The Review presents, for better understanding of a problem that is so close to Lehigh, the two sides of the coal bootlegging question as represented by two Lehigh students. The first has always been associated with the miner and his family; the second is the son of a mine official.

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**O**NE of Eastern Pennsylvania's biggest businesses is stealing. Not the kind of stealing we usually think of but a more modified form. I refer to the business of stealing black diamonds, more commonly spoken of as coal bootlegging. It is not a small business by any means,

## Wm. H. Barnard '41

*"If law, order and civil rights are to be respected in this country, bootleg coal mining must be stopped."*

for it nets its operators millions annually, nor is it a new enterprise, for it has existed over eight years. The story of coal bootlegging is as interesting as any detective yarn, and in this article I shall attempt to tell this story briefly.

Coal stealing originated in about 1930. Miners formerly employed in Eastern Pennsylvania mines were thrown out of work by the depression of 1929. They had nowhere to turn for work, for there is no work save mining in the coal fields. Many of them were uneducated and could perform no other work even if they were given the opportunity. Ever since childhood they had known no work but sorting slate from coal, and later picking in the inky depths of the bowels of the earth.

But they were hungry; their families were hungry; they needed money, so they decided that if the mine operators would not hire them, they would operate their own mines. They owned no land, especially not enough to carry on mining operations, for all of the coal lay in veins on company owned properties. But this did not phase them. They burrowed holes into company-owned seams. Crude equipment operated by all members of the family hauled the coal and slate to the sunlight. And as black as the coal itself were the clouds looming on the horizon soon to enshroud the entire anthracite industry in the most bitter fight it had ever seen.

Operations were carried on on a small scale, each miner bringing up about half-a-ton of coal daily. He sold this to truckers who hauled the coal to nearby cities and consumers. But early in 1932 the situation came into public attention. The activities of the bootleggers were destroying the legitimate anthracite markets. This resulted in more lay-offs in the mines and consequently more bootleggers. The thing became a vicious circle, each revoltuion bringing the anthracite industry nearer chaos.

But the activity of the bootleggers was not the only problem. Racketeers had seen how profitable this stealing was and had organized large scale mines on private fields. Many of them were former oyster fishermen from Chesapeake Bay attracted by the plan of "easy money." The situation became so acute that it was estimated that in 1936, 60 percent of the bootleggers were racketeers who had moved into the coal regions to share in the illicit gains.

The evils of bootleggers are many. Foremost is the fact that they are out and out thieves. You may wonder why these criminals are not prosecuted as any other criminals are. The operators of the mines tried this but found it impossible to convict anyone, for there were too many bootleggers, and when one was brought to court he was released by a sympathetic judge or jury. Indictments resulted in saootage and mass demonstrations. Legal procedure alone offered no solution.

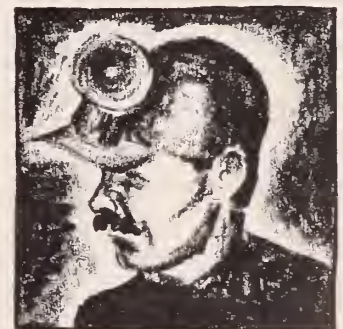
Bootleg coal is destroying the markets of legitimate miners by its very low price. A stolen product obviously can be sold much cheaper than a self-produced product. Furthermore, bootleg coal is low-grade coal, poorly cleaned and sized. The consumer is cheated in quality as well as weight. Stolen coal is delivered without proper weightmaster's slips for such slips, or certicates of weight, cannot be issued by a licensed weightmaster on a load of stolen coal. The consumer must accept a ton to be a ton on the bootlegger's word.

Bootleg coal mining activities threaten our limited anthracite sup-

ply. Miners of the bootleg variety exploit only the richest seams where coal is most easily and quickly removed. The bootlegger uses no safety precautions, for he cannot afford them, and so endangers the lives of his workers. The Anthracite Dealers Association estimated that 40,000 tons of bootleg coal were consumed in New York City in 1935 alone. At eight dollars per ton this would represent a total of \$320,000 of stolen black diamonds in one city. If we use this as a basis for consumption for the entire area served by bootleggers, the value of coal stolen in one year would become tremendous. It is impossible to obtain accurate figures but the consensus of estimates places the figure at 40 millions of dollars each year.

Many solutions of the bootleg problem have been offered but as yet none have worked. Government ownership of the fields as advocated by Gov. Earle was rejected. Legal action is useless. Relief for unemployed miners is impossible. The only solution untied is to have the National Guard move the bootleggers from private land at the point of a gun.

I shall not attempt to offer a solution to the problem, but one thing is certain. If law, order, and civil rights are to be respected in this country, bootleg coal mining must be stopped. And when it has stopped, Pennsylvania will again pour forth to the world her Black Diamonds; Black Diamonds that aren't stolen goods.



# POEMS

It is sad, but true, fact that the verse form is neglected in America.

Every year about this time, the Pulitzer Prize is awarded to some poet and everybody feels hurt because he has never heard of it. It is very unfortunate that this nation, which so splendidly fosters all forms of literature, has been skimpy on the poetry angle. We should try to raise our appreciation of poetry, for that art contains the rhythm and the flow and the expression which is an integral part of any literature.

We think it would be great if the art of poetry were stressed in the universities of today. The great majority of students dislike to read poetry because they feel that they do not understand it. But let this student have a chance to write poetry of his own and he becomes immediately much more receptive. Care should be taken, however, that the student should not try too much at once. It is for his own good that he starts with the simplest of forms and works up.

It is the consensus of the competent that the limerick is by far the simplest form of poetry. In fact, most critics are hard put to it to imagine anything more simple in any field. The Review takes a courageous stride forward and prints for the first time on the campus these examples of anonymous student work.

A frisky young student was Willie  
His actions were awfully silly  
He bet on the horses  
And flunked all his courses  
It's good that his surname was Nilly.

There once was an old maid named Snyder  
Who was very fond of sweet cider  
She loved to get tight  
She knew every night  
It always fermented inside her.

There once was a doughboy at Ypres  
Who dressed himself up in white  
diapers  
He thought that perchance  
These unusual pants  
Would actually save him from snipers.

There once was a coed named Annie  
Who had quite a sizeable fannie  
By hook or by erook  
She could slide in a nook  
But she never could manage a cranny.

There once was a young man from Spitz  
Who would wilfully fly into fits.  
He had those collected  
To whom he objected  
And leisurely chopped them to bits.

A thoughtful young sophomore named Keck  
Tried to pass his second-year Ec.  
He filled in the blanks  
With kind words of thanks  
And transferred to Carnegie Teeh.

There once was a young man from Dcering  
Who claimed that he knew engin-eering  
But he grew quite annoyed  
For according to Freud  
His love life was fast disappearing.

There once was a student in Chem E.  
Who wanted to transfer to M. E.  
He made quite a scene  
When he said to the Dean,  
"I'd change every year if you'd lemme."

An ambitious young freshman was Knowles  
He cornered the market in souls  
He sold to the devil  
At twice the price level  
But he always got paid off in coals.

A nasty old codger was Porter  
When asked for the hand of his daughter  
Said, "Go ahead, pal.  
Walk off with the gal.  
I'll be damned if I can support her."

Bach . . .

from page seven

that the festivals of 1937 and 1938 were very favorably received with the musical world in general.

The younger members of the choir who knew little or nothing of Dr. Wolle, admire him for his genuine good humor and his sincere hard work. He was pleasant to everyone, and his constant changing and re-changing of certain spots was due to his willingness to please everybody in general and nobody in particular. With all his changing, the festivals from 1933 to 1938 were certainly up to the standards of the previous ones, if we are to judge from the increase of attendance.

At the close of the last year's festival the choir was informed that Dr. Carey's contract was up. The board of guarantors wished to have a leader who could live in Bethlehem and devote his entire time to the choir—which Dr. Carey was not able to do because of his position in Girard College. Consequently a new man was appointed, Mr. Ifor Jones of Westfield, N. J., who immediately moved to Bethlehem to assume his duties.

Mr. Jones is a Welshman—both young and handsome. He was born in Merthyr Tydfill, South Wales. Before his position of leader of the Bethlehem Bach Choir he was organist and choirmaster of the Presbyterian church in Bound Brook, N. J. His natural Welsh love for music showed itself at an early age, and he made his first appearance at the age of 10; at a choral festival later, at 12, he began to study the organ. After the education which the local region afforded, he entered the Royal Academy of Music in London in 1921, and was awarded several prizes in organ and composition. His conducting of the "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven attracted the attention of the great British conductor, Sir Henry Wood. Mr. Jones became his assistant and his favorite pupil. Jones conducted many choral and orchestral performances both at the Royal Academy of Music and elsewhere during his undergraduate days. After a season with the Buxton Symphony orchestra in England, he joined the British National Opera Co., and was a colleague of John Barbirolli, the present conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.



# Boogie Band

*Carl Bixby Jr. '41*

It was a Boogie Band. Five colored boys, knowing only a little about straight music, but a great deal about rhythm, and handling it as did their forefathers on the Congo. Five colored boys sweaty and shiny sending their hearts out, and always grinning, shouting, and happy.

It was catching. The whole joint was jumping and shouting. The girl and the man in the booth banging the table. The college boys at the bar stamping their feet, and the dusky brown mulatto, her head back shaking and screaming. Individuals existed no longer; all were caught up as one by the inundating rhythms.

At the mike hunched an immense black boy pumping into a dented sax, and batting out rapid fire notes. A moth eaten topper rode the back of his head; his eyes were closed and his cheeks puffed, and he gave all the sax could stand.

Still honking he stepped back, and the piano came in. It was a small boy from what you saw of him behind that rectangular box-like front. But he didn't matter; it was that temple jarring tempo he struck that was important. It snapped at you, and teased you with its monotony, and then sent you down.

And the drummer, deadpanned and solid, the backbone and arch hysteria rouser of the whole glistening bunch. And backing him on every beat, the six-foot bass fiddler pounder. Both staring off into space and beating out impossible rhythm. A combination the cats in hell dream of and the angels fear.

But most important of all the trumpeter, a tall, neat, coal black nigger leaning most of the time against the piano. He was blind, and played entirely with his left hand; his right was gone. And when he took his lick the joint rocked and cheered. Not because he was only half a man, but because he drove them to fanatical joy. Because he made them leave themselves as even none of the others had.

And because death and sorrow once had him, and he got away.

As a kid he ran the Memphis levee. He loved the river, its boats and its rhythm. He loved it till it broke him. A fall off the levee, a paddle wheel, and he was carried back to his mammy's shack a mutilated corpse. Or so they thought, but he opened his eyes and grinned, and they patched him.

But what then for a broken, patched-up nigger in a Memphis full of whole ones? He prayed to the Lawd. He was a good nigger; but he starved. He shouted to the devil to come and take him; he was done. And then his ears heard the rivers rhythm. He picked up a horn and blew. And the people heard, and went wild and laughed and jumped. And the devil ran.

His lick was done on a high screaming wailing note. The sax came up blasting; the piano rocking; the skins banging; the strings thumping. And the trumpet smiled.



"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's d-d-d-darned hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

"I hear she's bowlegged."

"Bowlegged! Listen, if she ever buys a hoop-skirt, she's throwing away good money."

—Exchange

## Defense . . .

from page eleven

falling too comfortably in tune with the neatly ordered systems of engineering the student should undertake activities and courses which impose on him the responsibility and the task of acquiring general knowledge and remaining alive to the extra-engineering world. His time being limited, these courses had best be in fields where guidance, discussion of disciplined study are necessary. If he remains culturally awake, he can confidently plan to study other subjects outside of college as he extends and refines his education.

These suggestions could be greatly amplified and extended and make no smallest pretense of being complete; they are introduced to show that it is by no means inevitable that the vitality shall be wrung out of the student engineer. He has but to be alive to the danger and with the help of college administration, take steps to insure himself against it. This is an expanding process at Lehigh, going on through channels too numerous to enumerate, and that the engineers are still far from satisfactory cannot conceal the fact that the wakening process is proceeding apace.

Therefore, granted the requisite ability and interest, the intelligent man, planning a career, has no reason to shy away from engineering. To run the risk is well worthwhile, in order to prepare for a career that is useful, stimulating, that needs young men, that will probably provide him with a comfortable living and enough money to undertake many of the activities that make life rich with meaning. He must evaluate himself as a human being, a socially literate citizen of a democracy, not a mere hack whose brain is to be picked for a pittance, nor a tool to be lent to any purpose. Culturally alive, he can live zestfully appreciative of the dash and color, the subtleties and power of life, which are given even unto engineers.

Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I am not prepared."

Junior: "I don't remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

—Jester



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# MEXICAN SKETCHES

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By  
Slat  
Bernard, '40

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# Phreckles . . .

promise. He will probably be a very successful banker; the financial curve is well-pronounced at the apex. Yes, a banker or broker,—success in money matters. Umh! Hum!”

Casper walked home feeling low. Mr. Gill was a successful man; he didn't have much use for Casper because Casper was not the successful type. But how could Mr. Gill tell without feeling Casper's bumps? Casper resolved that until science proved otherwise, he would at least try to be successful. He would win the Freckle Derby and get his picture in the Rotogravure section of the Sunday papers. That would make Mr. Gill sit up and take notice.

Next day on the judges stand Casper stepped up for the count. He was greeted with a rousing cheer from the home town folks who had come down for the festivities. Geraldine had not been able to come, but George's reassuring smile from the foot of the platform heartened him. It was good to have friends one could rely on. Casper stood quietly for half an hour while the judges partitioned him off, each working a given area by counting the freckles through large magnifying glasses. He thought of Geraldine and her father and of the resolutions he had made last evening. Would he succeed? He must! And now—the judges were announcing the winner and new champion. Casper stood rooted to the platform; the competitor from Onandaga Township had won. Casper was weak with defeat. He swayed dangerously toward the edge.

Suddenly George was beside him. The judges had agreed to take a recount if any contestant could show sufficient cause. George said, “He has got you by a count of two hundred and sixty-nine;—forty-five hundred and seventy-three to forty-eight hundred and forty-two. You can still beat him if you want to; do you?”

“Of course; but how?” quaked Casper, recovering slightly from the initial blow.

“Your hair,—it'll have to come off,” said George producing a pair of scissors from an inside pocket.

Casper, in a frenzy of despair and burning with renewed hope, snatched the scissors from George's hand and began cutting his hair off.

“Here, let me do that. You are too nervous.” George took the scissors from Casper's shaking hand. A sly smile crept over his face as he cut

deep gashes into Casper's luxurious hair.

The judges set about counting the newly exposed freckles the instant Casper's head was shaven clean. They netted the two hundred and sixty-nine and many more, setting an all-time freckles record. The competitor from Onandaga Township stood at the back of the platform and tore his favorite hat into shreds as Casper Tweedle was announced victor and new record holder of the Freckle Derby.

The cheering had hardly died down before George turned to Casper with a leer. “Wait until Geraldine sees her freckle-faced beauty without his precious hair.”

Too late Casper saw the trick. George had betrayed him. But the damage was done; he must face Geraldine on the morrow.

Casper stood nervously on the steps waiting for someone to answer the bell. He held in his hand the gold medal with blue ribbon attached, first prize in the Freckle Derby. He would present it to Geraldine.

The door opened and Geraldine stood for a moment framed in the doorway. She took one look at Casper's ugly shaven head and ran back into the house, sobbing, “Oh! Casper!—Casper, how could you?”

Casper felt a shock of mortification. He hurried into the house after her but stopped at the bottom of the stairway to the second floor, unconsciously holding forth his right hand with the gold medal clutched in it. But Geraldine was upstairs in her bedroom; he could hear her sobs from where he stood.

Mr. Gill heard the noise and came out into the hallway. His face lit up at the sight of Casper's shorn skull. “Casper, let's see,—the ridge,—I saw it in the Rotogravure section,—I wasn't sure,—yes, by George!—small ridge at base of the cerebrum,—Umh!

Hum!—very rare!—Come on, Casper old man, into the study; I must examine this formation, you are definitely a genius type.”

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after the big bank robbery.

“You say,” thundered the attorney, “that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went on into the vault room with revolvers drawn?”

“Yah,” said Ole.

“And a moment later a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?”

“Yah,” said Ole.

“Well, what did you do then?”

“Aye put down my mop.”

“Yes, but then what did you do?”

“Vell, aye say to myself, ‘dis bane hell of way to run a bank!’”

—Exchange



“You stay away from her—  
She's Poison!”

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## Bach . . .

from page sixteen

Mr. Jones is well-suited to the position of director of the Bethlehem Bach Choir. Being an accomplished organist implies a good knowledge of Bach, for he is the greatest exponent of these for the organ, which was his favorite instrument. Being a choir-master, Mr. Jones is acquainted with the methods of choral training and exposition; therefore he brings to the Bach Choir youth, valuable preparation and knowledge, the artistry of a skillful pianist, organist, and choral leader, together with an unusually penetrating personality. This, his first year, is vital to both the choir and himself, which he obviously realizes.

He is a fundamentalist in many respects, driving home the importance of clear-cut attacks, pliability, and smooth tones—often to such an extent that the choir spends as much as a half hour on a few lines. He works the choir continuously and his results are very gratifying, showing infinite improvement from the first trial. He is tall and dark, wears dark-rimmed glasses which give him the appearance of a serious Oxford divinity student, and speaks with a slight Welsh accent. His humor is definitely British, being oftentimes too subtle for the majority of the choir, and oftentimes refreshingly sarcastic. Although as a rule he is extremely serious when rehearsing, he does slip a gem of a wit over when least expected. His arm and hand movements are strong and full of feeling—in contrast with those of Dr. Carey. Every time there has been a pause in the score and he is about to continue with the whole chorus, he gayly exclaims, "Off we go" and off the choir goes!

This year's Bach Festival comes on the 19th and 20th of May. The choir, with its 240 voices is supported by the Moravian Trombone Choir, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the following soloists:

Soprano	Jeanette Vreeland
Contralto	Lillian Knowles
Tenor	John Jameson
Bass	Keith Falkner

The choir accompanist is Gretchen I. Newhard of the Moravian College for Women, who has been with the choir for the past three years, and who is a very talented and attractive musician. Lehigh's Professor of Music, Director of the band, orchestra and glee club, and chapel organist, Dr. T. Edgar Shields, has been with the

Bach Choir for many years. He will be organist again at this season's festival.

### PROGRAM

Friday, May 19th, 4 p. m.

Cantata #69, "Praise the Lord, O My Spirit"

Motet, "Come, Jesu, Come"

Cantata #71—"God Is My King"

(8 p. m.)

Cantata #104, "Thou Guide of Israel"

Cantata #82, "It Is Enough"

(Bass Solo)

The Magnificat

Saturday, May 20th, 2:30 p. m.

"Mass in B Minor"

(Kyrie and Gloria)

(5:00 p. m.)

"Mass in B Minor"

(Credo to the End)

The tickets, which range in price from \$6 per set to \$16, have been sold out completely ever since the beginning of April. The average person cannot afford to buy these expensive seats (which are almost entirely snatched up by the patrons for themselves and for their friends). So we find hundreds of people sitting on the lawn outside of the chapel and making themselves as comfortable as possible, listening to the music through

the opened windows. This is relatively good and inexpensive—the only cost being a soft pillow and a pair of swank-looking sun glasses. Contrary to the general belief, those people who sit outside are not the townspeople; but really are the sophisticated pilgrims who enjoy the open air in preference to a stuffy chapel. They are an unusual group—a perfect cross-section of the cultured few.

At the beginning of each performance, the Moravian Trombone Choir plays old-world chorales from the belfry of Packer Chapel as the pilgrims wander about the lawn in preparation for the music. Finally the awe-inspiring chorales come to a quiet close and the people gradually seat themselves in silence. The director steps to the platform just before the last notes of the chorale die out. The audience is now still as death. The chorale reaches the final line, and instead of the expected close, the choir of some 240 voices suddenly breaks forth with terrific force, freezing the people in their seats with rapture. The 1939 festival has begun!

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## Weaker Sex . . .

from page eight

or twice, unsuccessfully. It was a matter of pride now; a waiting game. He wasn't going to leave until after she did. A pause caught and lengthened into silence. Sarah stood up.

"I think I better be running along." He sat without moving, watching Ruth. She didn't look at him.

"You needn't go yet." She smiled at Sarah, and stayed sitting with one leg tucked in under her.

There was the sound of a car stopping outside and then the doorbell and Kathryn was introducing a girl named Esther Moyer and two boys from Allentown.

Kathryn and her date turned on the radio and did the shag. Ruth came and sat with him on the sofa, and they discussed Guy Lombardo, and the Yankees chances for the pennant, with the other boy. His name was Bill and he was a nice kid with a serious, confidential way of speaking.

Ruth and Bill talked and he watched them and tried to get interested in what they were saying, but everything sounded shallow and foolish. He began paging through a magazine, glancing up now and then to agree with Bill.

Kathryn was playing the piano; a simple, lilting melody.

"Whats the name of that piece?"

Ruth laughed. "That's a second grade exercise for both hands."

"Can you play?" Bill asked.

"Sure he can play," Ruth said, "He plays Chopin."

"Chop-in'?"

"He never chops. He's the poet of the piano."

Kathryn's date turned down the radio, and came over.

"Can you play, *A Star Fell Out Of Heaven*?"

"I can't play."

They were all looking at him. He felt trapped.

"Go on play something," Ruth said, "Play that prelude you played this evening."

The girl named Esther said, "Do you know *Oh My Goodness*?"

"I don't want to play." He spoke clearly and a little too loud, and began looking through the magazine again. There was an awkward pause while Kathryn turned the radio up. They danced again, and Bill tried to remember what he had been saying.

Kathryn stopped in front of Ruth.

"It's getting pretty late, and we have to go to church tomorrow."

"Yeah, and we have a long drive back." Bill said. "Can we drop you people somewhere?"

"We can't take everyone home at once, Bill. I'll take you and Esther and Sarah home and stop back for Ruth and Dick. Kathryn waved from the doorway.

"We'll be back."

The sound of the car faded and he looked at her sitting across the room from him. She returned his gaze steadily, coolly. Tonight he would tell her. When they were by themselves, he would say to her,—What? What could he say? It seemed to him that he had never been so alone in his life. Sitting there across the room from her in the silent house with no noise coming from the street, just as he had wanted it . . .

The radio was still on but was only humming now. He got up and snapped it off and stood looking at the picture above it.

"Look", he said "would you mind sitting on the couch?" His voice sounded harsh and he heard it from somewhere else in the room.

She rose without surprise and sat down almost touching him. He bent toward her and the scent of her hair.

"Do moody people bother you, Ruth?"

And from far away her voice, cool and impersonal.

"I let them amuse themselves."

He buried his face on her shoulder and laughed, noiselessly, desperately.

"You are a great kidder", he said with his mouth close to her lips and kissed her. The worst thing, the cruellest thing. He kissed her, laughing a little so she wouldn't know. They sat close together kissing and for a while he could almost believe that nothing had happened.

There was a sound of tires on the gravel.

She drew away.

"They're here", she said and stood up smoothing her hair in place.

"Why, so they are", he said and got up to open the door for her.

"Who commands in your house?"

"We share the management. My wife bosses the servants and the children. I attend the goldfish."

—Exchange

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## Coal Bootlegging . . .

from page fourteen

increased their watchmen and sent out individuals to seal all "Bootlegging mines". Armed clashes often occurred at the scene of the digging with occasional casualties on both sides. The Bootlegger was dragged in to the courtroom and released or imprisoned in accordance with the presiding judge's sympathies.

Since some of the coal mines have been reopening gradually some of the miners have discontinued their illegal, private mining to return to their places in the mine. But in numerous sections of the East the operator will not reopen his mines nor yet allow his former employee to earn even a precarious living by his own methods. The operator demands a slash in wages and a resumption of longer working hours; the union, aware of the former abuses inflicted upon the miner before he became unionized, absolutely refuses to consider such a proposal.

Thus the Bootlegger is the child of circumstances. He would never have resorted to such a means of livelihood if conditions had been more favorable. But let no one think that he is making a fortune daily from his so-called illicit gains. Bootlegging is a mercurial form of labor and its returns are uncertain. True, the miner has not the expenses of the coal company and can earn several dollars daily if things go well; but also one should remember that his individual capacity for production and consumption is limited and, with circumstances of transportation extremely uncertain, he does not know what to expect. It is probable that mining companies in their legitimate mining have lost more coal through blunders and careless methods than the Bootlegger has extracted in his brief career. It appears almost certain that he has touched only outcrops and the designated top coal. And often he has merely reopened worked out mines on company land and has dug that remaining coal which the operator couldn't find profitable on his large scale production.

Bootlegging is a most dangerous activity. Since its beginnings numerous miners have suffered serious injuries and some have met death. Even those experienced miners, so familiar with the art of coal mining, have been known to be involved in accidents in

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SUN INN****MacArthur Dauchy, Prop.****Phone 1930****Coal Bootlegging . . .**

from page twenty-two

their private operating. Probably one of the foremost reasons the ever-present danger is the fact that the Bootlegger uses substitute means and tools. He can't afford to purchase numerous essentials and utilizes those nearest at hand. Again there are innumerable young men active in these operations who know little or nothing about coal mining. In another economic setup these young men would be legitimately employed. In another educational system these identical young men would be prepared to enter some industry to participate actively right after high school. Instead they are fed an academic course, filled with Latin, mathematics, and history, and sent out into the world. Some of them are fortunate to learn even Latin; so many of them must leave school before they are taught it.

But if those who are inclined to criticize the Bootlegger for his un-American ways and means would only look about them they could discover numerous similar situations. Even in Bootlegging there are wolves-in-sheep's clothing enjoying gains for which the ordinary miner is blamed. It isn't difficult to penetrate the disguise of these honorable gentlemen with their verbosity and their clever methods. Some of them have even forsaken their former callings to reap a harvest in the coalfields.

It is unfortunate that Bootlegging ever originated. It is disgraceful that it must continue. And the only way to eradicate it is to provide the Bootlegger with a job. He will not return to the damp mines and suffer himself to undergo the hardships of his early days. The operator cannot expect him to labor for long hours and scarcely enough with which to buy bread. Coal mining is one of the most exacting of industries. It is detrimental and deleterious to the miner's health. How many miners have died as the result of asthma and other diseases which they contracted in the stocked veins of the earth?

Extralegal? The Coal Bootlegger does not know the meaning of the word; nor does he heed its application. Life? yes . . . and unless a compromise can be arranged and the miner reestablished there appears to be no alternative. He shall remain a Bootlegger.

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## Pool Room . . .

from page twelve

shoved the gun in Joe's stomach. Joe leaned back as far as he could. His chin was almost touching his chest. He was plenty scared.

"You thought my brother wouldn't squeal if you gave him enough money, didn't you? But the money was marked. And you knew that, too, didn't you? Well, so did I. And so I'm going to give all that money back to you. Every damned cent of it. You can have it."

He put the gun back in his coat pocket and walked over to the counter and leaned against it, keeping his eye on Joe and smiling again. Joe was watching him too and he started to straighten up slowly. He laughed and said, "Thanks, Trixie but I thought he was a smart kid and he could get away with it. You had me scared. I thought you were sore. Thanks a lot."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face all over and then his hands. His hands were shaking when he lit his cigarette and he was still leaning against the table. He looked at me and then at Reds and started to walk over to the ticker. Then he stopped and turned towards Trixie. "What are you going to do with the money?"

Trixie said, "I told you, pal. You're going to get it. You're memory is getting short. You're going to get it."

Joe took all the balls on the pool table and threw them across the felt towards the corner pockets. He caught them as they bounced off the sides and threw them again. After a couple of minutes he said, "Where is the money, Trixie? What did you do with it?"

Trixie was laughing. "Don't worry, pal, you'll get it. I mailed it to the bank where you got your account. I mailed it last night. I guess they counted it this morning. I did a pretty good job of signing your name when I signed the letter. They'll think you mailed it in. It's too bad it was marked like that. It might get you in some trouble."

Joe dropped the cigarette out of his mouth and ran up the steps to the sidewalk. We never found out where he went.

•  
"Mama, what becomes of a car when it gets too old to run?"

"Somebody sells it to your father."

—Awgwan

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## GREAT SCOTT!!

### A Startling Murder Mystery

From page four.

"Great Scott!!!" I said, "What's up?" I didn't like the way the telephone cord was wrapping about my neck and tightening. "Hurry up," Clancy," I begged, "before I strangle to death."

I waited while Clancy hunted around for another nickel. A quick glance in the mirror showed me quickly enough that three loops of the wire had already encircled my neck and that the veins in my face were standing out in a deep lavender. I tightened my neck muscles and waited. Clancy came back. "There's been a murder or something down here," he burst out. "You and O'Brien better come down here quick. I don't like this."

"Aaaah, you never like anything!" I shot back maliciously. I hung up and tore the telephone out of the wall. The cord relaxed its grip and fell to the floor writhing. Trundling a light machine gun ahead of me, I raced down the steps and caught a bus. I suddenly remembered that I had forgot O'Brien and also the address of the hotel where

there may have been a murder. But I had not been in the police department thirty-seven years for nothing. Glancing quickly about, I saw a sign on the bus that said "Stop at the Sussex."

With a bound I climbed over the lap of the gentleman sitting beside me and leaped through the window, dragging my machine gun behind me. In my haste, I noticed that the gentleman was none other than Professor Marryat Stephehns, known as Louie the Louse, and also that the window had been closed.

I hailed a crosstown trolley and we sped and wove through the crowded streets at a tremendous rate. The car skidded to a halt and I was at the Hotel Sussex. I fished a token out of my emergency kit that I carry around with me to all my homicide cases.

An hour or so later I was knocking at room 306. There was no answer and so I broke down the door, receiving some nasty abrasions around the nose and eyes. There, stretched out on the bed was a girl, a beautiful girl, clad only in a negligee. I gasped and ran over to the prostrate figure. It was Gertrude,

Page twenty-seven, please.

## LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



**ONE WHIFF** of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that smells good!



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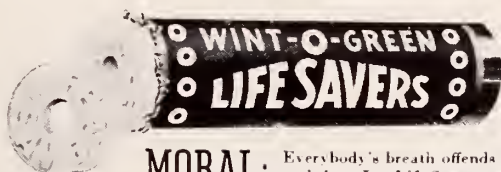
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IT'S A JUMBLED WORLD, gentle lady, into which you have brought a new life.

It's a world in which human lives—even very new lives like the one cuddling next to you—are regarded rather lightly. It's a world where men are still deluded into believing that killing is a more satisfactory way of working out differences than reasoning. It's a world where people still haven't quite learned that war is not a *necessity* of civilization but a *destroyer* of civilization!

If, as a mother, you plan to accept this kind of world meekly, then all we

can do is offer our condolences to you and your unfortunate baby.

But...if you realize that decent people *can* and *should* do something about the whole indecent business of war—then we at World Peaceways congratulate you heartily and offer you our help!

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dealings with other nations, need not continue to act as if they were intent to prove that man is descended from the ape.

If you, too, feel that war is stupid and pointless, we'd like to hear from you. The job to be done is tremendous and naturally we need help—a lot of help—*your help!* So if you feel in your heart as we do in ours—that another war would bankrupt America physically, morally, and economically, whether we won or lost—we urge you to sit down this minute and write to us!

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## Disc Data . . .

from page five

skips with rhythm and lulls with prettiness, B. G.'s solos show life and Jerry Jerome's tenor more than satisfies. Other sides are *I'll Always Be In Love With You*. *Show Your Linen* Miss Richardson; *The Lady's In Love With You*. Goodman gives all the boys chances for solos (an advantage over Shaw) and Jess Stacey takes the most advantage. *Richardson* has about the dopiest and most senseless lyrics put out.

### Decca Briefs

Mary Lou Williams piano is excellent and is featured in her new composition, *Close To Five*. Andy Kirk plays and Pha Terrell sings *I'll Never Fail You*. Ella Fitzgerald sings the screwy novelty *Chew, Chew, Chew*—but it's not for us. More to our liking is the backing *When It's Slumber Time Along the Swanee*. Jan Savitt takes time off from his deafening socking to issue four sweet sides, *And The Angels Sing*; *Snug As A Bug*. Little Sir Echo; *I Want My Share of Love*. Only *Angels* misses. Bon Bon and Carlotta Dale take all the honors.

Count Basie doesn't do so well with his version of *Cherokee*. We can only recommend the solos, as the ensemble work is almost intolerably sloppy. Jimmy Dorsey is in form with a novelty, *Arkansas Traveler*, and the pop, *You're So Desirable*. Catch the J. D. sax work. Bob Crosby, after a long absence waxes *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *What Goes Up*. *If I Didn't Care*; *At A Little Hot Dog Stand*. Not too exciting but they don't lower the Crosby standard.

### Brunswick and Vocation

Mildred Bailey sings like her old self in *I Can't Read Between The Lines*; *Love Is A Necessary Thing*. *It's Slumber Time Along The Swanee*. Soft and with plenty of feeling. Husband Red Norvo, carried along by Eddie Sauter's arranging, isn't doing so bad on his own hook. Listen to Red's work in *Toadie Toddle*. Duke Ellington and his smaller outfits turn out their usual brand of stuff with *Subtle Lament*; *Pussy Willow* by the Duke, and *Boudoir Benny*; *Ain't The Gravy Good* by Cootie Williams. Rex Stewart and Johnny Hodges are the best soloists.

Harry James disappoints, after his fine work, with *And The Angels Sing*; *Got No Time*. *Angels* just plain stinks and *Got* isn't so good either. Bruns-

page twenty-eight, please

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## Disc Data . . .

from page twenty-seven

wick's alert talent scouts have another find in Jimmy Johnson's colored outfit. They do *After Tonight*; *Harlem Woogie* with plenty of rhythm but it wouldn't hurt to look for a new vocalist. Sam Donahue's hot tenor sax and Irene Daye feature Gene Krupa's *Variety Is The Spice Of Life*; *My Hands Are Tied*, respectively. A slap in the face to those who said Gene hasn't a good dance band. Last item is a swell rhythm trio from Harlem, the Clarence Prot Trio, who do *Tea For Two*.

### Bluebird and Victor

Artie Shaw clicks with *The Honorable Mr. Soandso*. Helen Forrest's phrasing is terrific in the vocal. *Proschai* has nifty swing in the minor key with some good Rich drumming. The ride out is a trifle trite. Typical of Shaw's lag are *One Foot In The Groove* and *One Night Stand*. Both have great possibilities but they amount to nothing but a lot of blown notes and a couple of wasted good solos.

Lionel Hampton and a small combine recorded *Sweethearts On Parade*; *High Society*. Parade has some marvelous sax by Choo Berry along with Lionel's vibraphoning. Tommy Dorsey's *Blue Moon* is his best since *Marie* and that's saying something. *Panama* off to a slow start improves much toward the end. Hal Kemp continues his revival with *The Three Little Fishes*; *The Chestnut Tree*, both novelties and *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *What Goes Up*, are pop tunes in the lighter vein. Don't miss the reissue of Meade "Lux" Lewis's *Honky Tonk Train*. It's a masterpiece.

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